THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1536.

Choice Poetry.

SONGS AND HYMNS OF LIFE.
NO. 4

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusky road
Opened secrets on the way,
And one took rest, and speculated up,
And grew into a lore.
Lone sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in midst of years,
To look beneath its boughs.
The statesman knew its dangling keys,
The lovers count across it by,
It stood a sleep in glory,
A blessing everywhere.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He waited it in, and hung with ease
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that might drink.
He passed unseen and it, the well,
By summers never dried.
Had cooled a thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside.

A moment dropped a useless thought—
It was an idle word to say—
A simple thing to the lips,
But strong as being, true.
It shame upon a friend sent,
And set—in that brief moment—
A snare of life, a heaven way,
A treachery done.
The thought was small—its sting great,
A reckless—so it seemed,
And closely to its heart it clung,
And crushed the victim still.

A moment's sin, and it is not
That thronged the daily mart,
And had a record in type and eye,
Unheeded down the street.
A stranger on the record he wore—
A blessing or a curse.
It seemed a brother from the dead,
Or else a messenger from Hell.
Oh germ! oh Fount! oh world of love!
Oh thought of deathless soul!
To know but little of the best,
Yet mighty as the whole!

Transfer, Illustrated News.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE:
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OPENS ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The cold wind swept the mountain side,
And pathless were the dreary wild,
Where neither man nor beast hath trod,
And where the eagle hath her nest.
A mother wandered in the storm.

—Father in Heaven, I humbly thank Thee! I praise Thee! I bless Thee! Thou hast heard my prayer! Thou hast answered it! Thou hast heard my prayer. Thou has strengthened the weak hands, confirmed the feeble knees,' exclaimed my strong-minded mother, as she entered—or rather burst—into my room. I have not fainted through weakness, but I sleep, though much, very much I have endured—nor have I lost my way through the darkest snow, though almost every landmark is buried. I know, and Prospect Plains. Yonder, against the horizon, rises Prospect Hill, upon it stands Prospect Hall, with its white chimneys gleaming, ghostlike, against the cloudy sky beyond that hill, in the hollow, lies my father's home, not a quarter of a mile from the Warren House, already in sight; my father's house, my mother's home, my birthplace—dear old Blackthorn! Will we rather forgive me? Ah, yes—then, and then only will the guilty, sure, even with the penitent—be in peace just with the outcast—at her father's and mother's feet, I lay my baby in her gentle arms, she will gather it to her bosom with one sob, and cause and embrace me with the other! Ah, I know! I feel it! I do not feel the weight of my baby now. The night of Prospect Hall—the knowledge it gives me that I am almost home, takes away the agonizing sense of parenting cold, and puts fresh warmth into my limbs—and you, I cannot tell rightful father, have sent me to bed without supper, and I am in utter need, between my chest and breast, and little cause for a mother, but who loves me as tenderly as I love you, and soon she will serve me, as I am serving you. I am mental soliloquy—almost absurd, I know—and almost in sight of home, but—home, weary heart and brain! home! my heart—that makes me to sing!"

Such was the mental soliloquy of Margaret Hawk, as, sibbing her latest sheer wailes her shawl, she toiled through the deep snow covering the rustic plains of that part of Prince George County which borders upon Chesapeake Bay.

What a night it threatened to be! What a scene it was! Overhead loomed a dark, portentous sky, by whose cold, steel-like light, could be faintly seen field beyond field of snow, verging off in the distance, until their boundaries were lost in the sombre shades to be met at the horizon.

Seated across the ice-fields before her, and against the distant horizon, stood that dark, unevenly mass, crowned by a faintly gleaming white object, which a stranger could not have distinguished from a darker cloud, tipped with a fine light, but which she had called Prospect Hill and Hall.

Nearer, here and there, slightly varying the bleak monotony of the plains, stood groups of naked forest trees, there skeleton limbs and branches traced sharp and black against the gleaming snow. Here and there also was a dark line, that marked the border of some piece of woods.

Dotted sparsely about, at wide distances, were little collections of dense shadows, that marked the site of some rural homestead, and from one of those somewhere suddenly started a gleam of red light, made, perhaps, by an opened door and a warm bright fire within—and sometimes the enlivening sound of a fiddle, that gayly spoke of rural festivity and frolic, for this was New Year's Eve Night, and from many a warm and comfortable home came out the festive sounds, gleamed out the festive light, to cheer the frozen snow and into the fierce and howling night.

Did she, the wanderer, think of, or care, for happy New Year revellers? Ah, no! for other thoughts and feelings filled her heart and brain, and if for a moment she turned her eyes to the suddenly darting and quickly withdrawn lights, it was but to use their fitful sheen to guide her on her way to a far dearer light.

She was now toiling up, by gradually ascending rise of the plains as they swept on from Chesapeake Bay towards Prospect Hill, and struggling her eyes to catch a glimpse of that "dearer light," that distant "light of home," which yet for many hours, she cannot see—could not, could see it!

Many, many-weary days of this wintry weather had she wandered, with no home to go to, no rest, and now, at last, upon this New Year's Eve Night, her birth-night, she was "almost home!"

But oh! it was a scene so exotic and weird—so desolate—a night so dark and piercingly frosty, when, through the fierce, black cold, hailed on this young, slight, thinly clad girl, sheltering her infant in the folds of her cotton shawl.

She was suffering excruciating pangs—pangs which only those long exposed to the cold can know, not only the fierce smarting, aching and shooting of her limbs—for the sense of intense cold is like that of fire—but those dull, and intolerable anguish in the chest, when, finally, in the supervening lethargy of the poor—"the cold strokes to the heart." She was suffering all this, but had aroused all her energies to bear it.

She toiled on and on, slowly, with extreme difficulty, but still on and on.

Already she was ascending Prospect Hill—and lights from the windows of Prospect Hall glanced down the hills. Oh, for strength to get that hill and reach the hollow on the other side! there was better!

She toiled on and on—but now the agony of the cold was giving place to a feeling of extreme weariness, of extreme numbness, even of death as well as brain—and now came the strong temptation to stop and rest—to sink down and rest a little while—else she would be so much wearied as to be able to reach home at all that nearer—and—climbing this hill, as much more wearisome than any other part of her wearisome journey had been. So she looked around for a resting place.

A bare rock, lashed by the drifting of the snow, offered the only seat. She sat down upon it, and no sooner had she sunk to a resting posture than that feeling of irresistible and overpowering, near affecting heart as well as brain, as I said, came with power upon her, and her eyes were almost shut to close, when suddenly, it might have been the hand of her almighty Avenger that had pounced upon her, the finger of her guardian angel, touched her, and she suddenly comprehended all this feeling of extreme drowsiness following the pangs of severe cold, it indulged in, becomes the precursor of a sleep ending in death. Once more her spirit rising in its strength brought up all her energies, and she was brightened, for it shook off, arose and stood up—her limbs felt better their natural weight, and it was with extreme difficulty she could raise one heavy foot after the other—her arms also appeared no longer to hold her babe by their own strength, but by a power that she looked around it and fronted there, there was no feeling in them.

She toiled on—it was almost a miracle, but she reached the top of the hill—she passed Prospect Hall a quarter of a mile on the right—she passed it she saw, without observing lights gleaming rapidly across the windows, and from who close to whose, and from one floor to another, at Prospect Hall, as if some unusual bustle, haste and importance, was taking place. She passed the lighted hall, without a second glance—she did not care for that, though there lived the great Thomas planter, of whose great estate her father was the overseer—and her mother housekeeper at Washington. Chief Justice of the Circuit Court—she passed the manor-house without a second glance, though there was gleaming in the windows lights turned the star of her hope, at the sight of which her heart would have leaped, for it showed her mother's own room. It seemed nearer than it was—it was a quarter of a mile off yet, but what are two when the soul has travelled so many miles already. She leaned for the last time for that long distance—and—

Now a flake of snow fell and then upon her cheeks, and then upon her eyelids, and then upon her mouth—and then upon her hands—and then upon her breast—and then upon her baby's face—and then upon her baby's head, and then upon her baby's head, and then upon her baby's head,

Miscellaneous.

COST OF ARMING EUROPE.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES, NOVEMBER 17.

If anything were wanting to justify even a financial inquiry of war, it would be the aspect of Europe at this moment. Such a scene as that before us, Russia, or Leipsic, for such a man as that of the Peninsular War is horrible and appalling, but, coming in the midst of many peaceful and lovely associations, it impresses the mind with a share of necessity, and drags the mind down into the submission of the struggle.

In the present instance there is neither reason nor provocation. Europe is under arms without any assignable cause. Two great Powers, speaking the same language, not only neighbors, but even intermixed, members of an ancient confederation, and with the same real interests, are belonging into the field against one another, not only every soldier, but almost every man in the public of hearing arms. Prussia has called out her militia from every village and town, and put them in motion from one end of her straggling possessions to the other. Austria has summoned to the points of collision the tribes that pause and disquiet her semi-barbarous frontiers. On either side, France and Russia are ready to pour hundreds of thousands into the arena, should the game once begin. But what is there for war? Austria armed men to decide that could not be settled by two men of peace? What is there for a hundred and fifty millions of human beings to become "enemies" about? Mr. Cobden tells a story of a boy at Captain Scherzer's exhibition, who puzzled his father with the question "What the Battle of Waterloo was fought about?" The father replied, "Frenchmen have accused Lord Combined the longest and most terrific war, and introduced the longest and most terrific peace the world has yet seen. But what account can be taken of the general cause and object for the most intelligent child would be likely to interrogated?

One thing, at least, is very clear—that the greater part of the evil is produced by itself.—Army provokes army, and the rivalry is only bounded by the inability of the population to produce more armed men; so that, if it be taken why Europe is armed, the answer must be, after all, that can be given is, "Because it is armed."

The stay-at-home bitterness of this blessed tide can hardly conceive what it is to live under a military Empire. In fact, in any one of the two great Powers of Europe. Our army is comparatively small, and half of it is always out of the way. Though it presses rather heavily on the purse, it does not offend the sense or demoralize society to anything like the extent the foreign service do. We have not several thousand soldiers lounging about every considerable town, getting into all kinds of mischief, and becoming more and more unfit for any honest or useful occupation. We do not see our villages drained of adolescent men, and the laborious works of husbandry left to women of all ages, and even under the orders of husbands or fathers who have spent the best years of their life in military service, and are so dispirited as they are by the poor of agriculture labor. All this may be seen abroad anywhere, from the Bay of Biscay to the Caspian Sea. On a former occasion we have described what one man may see a day's journey from this metropolis, in the magnificent old city of Rhenish Prussia; but, as Mr. Isa Cobden's last family of the kind visibly in the Wrekham speech, we think it common justice to take his description.

"Four millions of men—the flower of Europe from twenty to thirty-three years of age, are under arms, living in idleness, and—for that men in the country parts there; the women are doing their farm work, tending the cattle in their manure, and amidst much and dirt, at the age of thirty and forty. They may be seen their over-ployed, tanned and haggard, and looking hardly like the fair sex. They do this that the muscle and strength of the country may be utilized in military coats, and may carry muskets on their shoulders—a musket is a civilized and a Christian age."

We can answer for it from the evidence of our senses, that this is no exaggeration, and, as it only aims to give one aspect of the fact, so it on to give half the horrors. If it be inquired why the country-women on the continent are so ill-favored, masculine, and coarse, compared with our own village girls and dames, or why foreign husbandry continues to be primitive and barbarous a rate, or why the poor villagers are content with such humble fare, or why the skulls of the foreign clubs have so fearful an amount of demoralization, or, lastly, why foreign agriculture are so prone and so ready to resort to formidable in insurrection, one answer is sufficient for all these questions, and that is, that nearly the whole population are easy-handed to so speak, from useful employments, to be crowded in garrisons and cities and exhausted by idleness, to practice every vice, and forget every useful and honorable accomplishment.

The cost of the vast operations we now witness in Germany, is too great and too harmful to admit of any estimate. We may know that the Prussian Landwehr is paid to be idle, and what it costs in meat, drink, and clothing. But it can never be known how much that country will lose by the sudden withdrawal of some hundred thousand men from the fields just at the time when they are wanted to prepare for next year's harvest. The similar cases may be ascribed the numerous famines which have accompanied war, and dealt most destructively when the sword and the spear. Thus, while these tactics are increasing their debts, they are still more overloading their powers of production. And as there are more to be fed, there are fewer to feed. Yet all this happens in a time of peace, with nothing but the threat and apprehension of war.

Germany is, as yet, only fighting with a shadow. There is no quarrel but what may be settled by amicable conference, and need never have arisen. At present, the real quarrel is a matter of dynasties—which shall show most men. The only cause on record is a congress and a general agreement to reduce these excessive preparations. When the Russian and German Powers were used at Warsaw, they will set themselves right with the world, and do much to redress the evil of the day. If they agree to reduce their armies in a certain proportion, or to keep only a certain quantity of troops under arms. This might be done, for it has been done frequently. The pay of peace once ordered, there may soon be a rivalry in this direction as great as that which is hurrying myriads to a cruel and fratricidal war. England and France have already effected great reductions during the last year, and may effect more; why should they not press on the Austrians, Prussians, and Russian Governments the wisdom of following their example before they compel them to a war which this generation will not live to see the end of?

LAMARTINE AT HOME.

A correspondent of the Presbyterian gives the following account of the return of Lamartine to his own estate in the county:

"The peasantry had prepared a grand fete for his arrival at the following description. The house was completely covered with garlands and devices of all sorts, at the edge of the forest, M. and Madame de Lamartine entered, the little girls, in their Sunday clothes, first presented them with an offering from a basket of the finest fruit that can be seen anywhere, one of them delivered a charming little address, then they gave place to the boys, carrying likewise a basket of fruit, and what was more original, a basket filled with a large bustier, sculptured, so to speak, and representing M. and Madame de Lamartine seated in a chaise drawn by doves. Other children brought a basket, a little sucking pig, entirely covered with silk ribbons and flowers, a superb calf, and in a large cage, 3 hare. These presents, why children offering but the rest, had purchased from gifts with their own money.

A peasant, mounted on a cart, made an excellent local address, which M. Lamartine M. and Madame de Lamartine back into the midst of them. Lamartine replied in a speech full of emotion. The peasantry, and no unfortunately, they are accused of want of gratitude—listened to their late lords, to desired no other proof of this than what was before his eyes, it to the part of the house in his days of power. The was closed by a grand dinner, given to their lords by the peasantry, at M. Madame de Lamartine.

In the evening, the peasants came and offered a torch; it was to perform an ovation, next morning to celebrate in the chapel adjoining the chateau a thanksgiving service for the happy return of their landlord and his family. In connection with the circumstance, Lamartine learned that on the morning after his departure for the East a note was addressed, at the request of the prisoners, for the purpose of praying God to preserve them during their journey. After this statement, I need not say that both Lamartine and his Lady are mentioned the head of those who are attended them. Madame de Lamartine takes an active interest in the schools, and has a fellow-feeling with her husband for improving, as much as possible, the condition of the peasantry."

IF It is a fact worthy of notice, that the most celebrated schools of modern times have not exceed the first rudiments of his classical education from a lexicon. It was Bentley's mother who taught him the Latin Accidence. She is represented to have been a woman of very superior understanding.

ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE HOME JOURNAL.

Men of genius are incapable of rare in petty forms of mental matters. They are easy in assuming something else—fame, that will be more lasting. What matter if they do not succeed in using the things to which they attach no particular value? Such a one is Jenny Lind, who has no a pinch of snuff. The "snuff-mixture" of men of genius. In fact, should be looked upon as a disease in which they are liable, and for which they are, in a measure, irresponsible. [We cannot say genius against the Editor of the Home Journal.]

Victor, the musician, who is the present rage in London, is one of the rare instances of a man of genius who is not a leader. The satisfaction with his lumber is a very uncertain one, it is true; but, now and then, he is "flush," with the proceeds of a successful tour or concert, and he makes haste to indulge in a little innocent extravagance, by making a deposit, on which he can draw checks, like a capitalist! The last season was productive. He had made a tour with Jenny Lind in Germany, and, his pocket being heavy, on his return, the great banker, Mr. Baring, A. I. been the recipient of some twelve hundred pounds in his account.

But Victor's heart is in his own country, and, the moment he was unoccupied, he began to be homesick. He would breathe a chat of a steamer, two to Paris, and return when the great Fair of Paris should be in the height of its Thermes. He drove to the banker's for his money.

"By the eminent Mr. Baring, he was received with the gentlemanly courtesy which prevails in all men in the marts of Mammon, from those who are penniless.

"I have called to draw the little sum that I have in your hands," said Victor.

At these words, the banker put on a grave air, and slightly pinched his lips.

"It is impossible to let you have it," was the reply.

"Ah, you are, perhaps, embarrassed at this particular moment?" innocently supposed the musician.

"Not at all!" said the banker, and, one of his clerks entering at the moment, he turned to him, and said:—"You will, if you please, M. Grace, the Duke of ——, the forty thousand pounds which he has deposited in the loan for aqueducts."

"This re-assures me," said Victor; "if you can lend forty thousand pounds, you could easily furnish me the two hundred pounds, from my little post, which I require at this moment for a trip to France."

"I cannot tell under how much and what a variety of difficulties this opening chapter has been made to attempt to write this week or last. My eyes have been lightly affected by the late blizzard, my ears, and been taking medicine.

"I have already had a return to my labors, and cannot have the money you ask for, I am quite sorrowful."

"Do you pretend to deny that I made a deposit with you, then?"

"Certainly not. I remember perfectly, that, a short time since, you deposited, with me, twelve hundred pounds, and I have the pleasure to inform you that was a compliment to me, you did not ask for a receipt."

"And will you admit this confidence?"

"Never, of course. But still you cannot touch the money in question."

"Your reason why, sir, if you please?"

"I will tell you. A few days before the departure for the United States, Miss Jenny Lind, whose banker I also am, did me the honor to open with me. After dinner, we pleaded for the privilege of once more hearing her delightful voice. I, myself, was particularly anxious that it would grant a request which she wished to make. It pertained, and she sang. She was sang over, we returned to her saloon, and it was she then said.—Victor has deposited twenty with—twelve hundred pounds, I hear. He ought to to rich, with the money he makes, but his extreme avarice would be a reproach to the prodigality of a Prince. Some one should be presided for him, since he has no prudence for himself. I myself should be incessantly quite of him, and the interest allowed to accumulate. Through you, my dear, one day, a little capital that would save him from want. I wish you would undertake, and consent to be his adviser. This is the explanation of my refusal, and you see that it originated in a kind and affectionate solicitude for your welfare."

"Oh, very well," said Victor, "and, of course, I am grateful for the delightful solicitude of the illustrious woman whose heart is even greater than her talent—but, pardon me, sir, I am sure I do not accept the intrigue, for I am out of money, and must have it for my present need. If you will not, I will go to other men, I will appeal to the public."

"Very well," said the banker, "the right is on your side, and you can go to law, if you like. But, I warn you, you will lose your suit, and, with my means, I can make it last so long as your life, for the delays of the law are favorable to those who have to pay for them. You shall prevent me from keeping my word to Jenny Lind, and, under the circumstances, I cannot. You cannot touch the money in my hands."

Victor, thus unbridled, and overcome by the banker, Victor was obliged to yield, and the result leaped for, by his friends in Paris, was, that he was obliged to give a benefit, to which, though he was, during his vacation there, to pay his quota of attendance.

And, apropos of Jenny Lind, it is confidently asserted that she is going to Europe to sing in America on trip is over. Besides, she is still here, to said to have a new Opera which he is free to sing in this country. The cost of music, the out, of a substance, identical with clean cotton, can be produced at a cost for material of less than half a cent. The cost of manufacture, or mechanical labor required in its preparation, including the expense of the machine, is estimated to be formed in a few seconds, does not amount to more than 3 cents. The cost of labor, and the mixture of the two substances, viz., wool with flax reduced to a short staple, forms a fabric unsurpassed, while its cost may be estimated by the fact that while wool costs 5s. 6d., the flax material, prepared for the purpose, costs 1s. 6d., and the wool can be reduced by simply one half.

When it is remembered that the soil of England, and perhaps in even a greater degree that of Ireland, is adapted to the culture of flax, it would be wondered that this valuable material has made a great sensation. Unwary an Great Britain has been for a number of years, so as to lead to the conclusion upon the mere fact of the raw material of her manufactures, a discovery which promises to unlock from their thrall the cotton fields of the United States. Some months since Monsieur Claussen, a Belgian engineer with whom we are in correspondence, visited this country, and the result of his observations and experiments, as a few months since, he laid before the Belgian Government, and which, we believe, determined the latter to offer a premium of 50,000 francs, (about £2,00), also entitle the bearers to the honorary membership of the Academy of Sciences. On Friday evening, January 13th, the Academy met, and that of doubtful seal was opened in the presence of a numerous assembly, which filled the spacious hall of the Academy of Sciences. The opening of one as quite a compliment. By the London Chronicle, says of the process of the cotton that from 1lbrst, of the flax fibre prepared for spinning and hitting, and also to yarns and into fabrics. The cotton fabrics are, it is stated, less than

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

ALMANAC FOR 1851.

FOR THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MONTHS	Days of the Month	Days of the Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Moon Rises	Moon Sets	Moon's Phases
			H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	
JANUARY, 1st Month.	1	W	7	4	11	1	
	2	Th	7	5	11	2	
	3	F	7	5	11	3	
	4	S	7	6	11	4	
	5	S	7	6	11	5	
	6	M	7	7	11	6	
	7	T	7	7	11	7	
	8	W	7	8	11	8	
	9	Th	7	8	11	9	
	10	F	7	9	11	10	
	11	S	7	9	11	11	
	12	S	7	10	11	12	
	13	M	7	10	11	13	
	14	T	7	11	11	14	
	15	W	7	12	11	15	
	16	Th	7	12	11	16	
	17	F	7	13	11	17	
	18	S	7	13	11	18	
	19	S	7	14	11	19	
	20	M	7	14	11	20	
	21	T	7	15	11	21	
	22	W	7	15	11	22	
	23	Th	7	16	11	23	
	24	F	7	16	11	24	
	25	S	7	17	11	25	
	26	S	7	17	11	26	
	27	M	7	18	11	27	
	28	T	7	18	11	28	
	29	W	7	19	11	29	
	30	Th	7	19	11	30	
FEBRUARY, 2d Month.	1	F	7	20	11	31	
	2	S	7	20	12	1	
	3	S	7	21	12	2	
	4	M	7	21	12	3	
	5	T	7	22	12	4	
	6	W	7	22	12	5	
	7	Th	7	23	12	6	
	8	F	7	23	12	7	
	9	S	7	24	12	8	
	10	S	7	24	12	9	
	11	M	7	25	12	10	
	12	T	7	25	12	11	
	13	W	7	26	12	12	
	14	Th	7	26	12	13	
	15	F	7	27	12	14	
	16	S	7	27	12	15	
	17	S	7	28	12	16	
	18	M	7	28	12	17	
	19	T	7	29	12	18	
	20	W	7	29	12	19	
	21	Th	7	30	12	20	
	22	F	7	30	12	21	
	23	S	7	31	12	22	
	24	S	7	31	12	23	
	25	M	7	32	12	24	
	26	T	7	32	12	25	
	27	W	7	33	12	26	
	28	Th	7	33	12	27	
MARCH, 3d Month.	1	F	7	34	12	28	
	2	S	7	34	12	29	
	3	S	7	35	12	30	
	4	M	7	35	12	31	
	5	T	7	36	1	1	
	6	W	7	36	1	2	
	7	Th	7	37	1	3	
	8	F	7	37	1	4	
	9	S	7	38	1	5	
	10	S	7	38	1	6	
	11	M	7	39	1	7	
	12	T	7	39	1	8	
	13	W	7	40	1	9	
	14	Th	7	40	1	10	
	15	F	7	41	1	11	
	16	S	7	41	1	12	
	17	S	7	42	1	13	
	18	M	7	42	1	14	
	19	T	7	43	1	15	
	20	W	7	43	1	16	
	21	Th	7	44	1	17	
	22	F	7	44	1	18	
	23	S	7	45	1	19	
	24	S	7	45	1	20	
	25	M	7	46	1	21	
	26	T	7	46	1	22	
	27	W	7	47	1	23	
	28	Th	7	47	1	24	
	29	F	7	48	1	25	
	30	S	7	48	1	26	
	31	S	7	49	1	27	
APRIL, 4th Month.	1	M	7	49	1	28	
	2	T	7	50	1	29	
	3	W	7	50	1	30	
	4	Th	7	51	1	31	
	5	F	7	51	2	1	
	6	S	7	52	2	2	
	7	S	7	52	2	3	
	8	M	7	53	2	4	
	9	T	7	53	2	5	
	10	W	7	54	2	6	
	11	Th	7	54	2	7	
	12	F	7	55	2	8	
	13	S	7	55	2	9	
	14	S	7	56	2	10	
	15	M	7	56	2	11	
	16	T	7	57	2	12	
	17	W	7	57	2	13	
	18	Th	7	58	2	14	
	19	F	7	58	2	15	
	20	S	7	59	2	16	
	21	S	7	59	2	17	
	22	M	8	0	2	18	
	23	T	8	0	2	19	
	24	W	8	1	2	20	
	25	Th	8	1	2	21	
	26	F	8	2	2	22	
	27	S	8	2	2	23	
	28	S	8	3	2	24	
	29	M	8	3	2	25	
	30	T	8	4	2	26	
MAY, 5th Month.	1	W	8	4	2	27	
	2	Th	8	5	2	28	
	3	F	8	5	2	29	
	4	S	8	6	2	30	
	5	S	8	6	2	31	
	6	M	8	7	3	1	
	7	T	8	7	3	2	
	8	W	8	8	3	3	
	9	Th	8	8	3	4	
	10	F	8	9	3	5	
	11	S	8	9	3	6	
	12	S	8	10	3	7	
	13	M	8	10	3	8	
	14	T	8	11	3	9	
	15	W	8	11	3	10	
	16	Th	8	12	3	11	
	17	F	8	12	3	12	
	18	S	8	13	3	13	
	19	S	8	13	3	14	
	20	M	8	14	3	15	
	21	T	8	14	3	16	
	22	W	8	15	3	17	
	23	Th	8	15	3	18	
	24	F	8	16	3	19	
	25	S	8	16	3	20	
	26	S	8	17	3	21	
	27	M	8	17	3	22	
	28	T	8	18	3	23	
	29	W	8	18	3	24	
	30	Th	8	19	3	25	
	31	F	8	19	3	26	
JUNE, 6th Month.	1	S	8	20	3	27	
	2	S	8	20	3	28	
	3	M	8	21	3	29	
	4	T	8	21	3	30	
	5	W	8	22	3	31	
	6	Th	8	22	4	1	
	7	F	8	23	4	2	
	8	S	8	23	4	3	
	9	S	8	24	4	4	
	10	M	8	24	4	5	
	11	T	8	25	4	6	
	12	W	8	25	4	7	
	13	Th	8	26	4	8	
	14	F	8	26	4	9	
	15	S	8	27	4	10	
	16	S	8	27	4	11	
	17	M	8	28	4	12	
	18	T	8	28	4	13	
	19	W	8	29	4	14	
	20	Th	8	29	4	15	
	21	F	8	30	4	16	
	22	S	8	30	4	17	
	23	S	8	31	4	18	
	24	M	8	31	4	19	
	25	T	8	32	4	20	
	26	W	8	32	4	21	
	27	Th	8	33	4	22	
	28	F	8	33	4	23	
	29	S	8	34	4	24	
	30	S	8	34	4	25	
JULY, 7th Month.	1	M	8	35	4	26	
	2	T	8	35	4	27	
	3	W	8	36	4	28	
	4	Th	8	36	4	29	
	5	F	8	37	4	30	
	6	S	8	37	4	31	
	7	S	8	38	5	1	
	8	M	8	38	5	2	
	9	T	8	39	5	3	
	10	W	8	39	5	4	
	11	Th	8	40	5	5	
	12	F	8	40	5	6	
	13	S	8	41	5	7	
	14	S	8	41	5	8	
	15	M	8	42	5	9	
	16	T	8	42	5	10	
	17	W	8	43	5	11	
	18	Th	8	43	5	12	
	19	F	8	44	5	13	
	20	S	8	44	5	14	
	21	S	8	45	5	15	
	22	M	8	45	5	16	
	23	T	8	46	5	17	
	24	W	8	46	5	18	
	25	Th	8	47	5	19	
	26	F	8	47	5	20	
	27	S	8	48	5	21	
	28	S	8	48	5	22	
	29	M	8	49	5	23	
	30	T	8	49	5	24	
	31	W	8	50	5	25	
AUGUST, 8th Month.	1	Th	8	50	5	26	
	2	F	8	51	5	27	
	3	S	8	51	5	28	
	4	S	8	52	5	29	
	5	M	8	52	5	30	
	6	T	8	53	5	31	
	7	W	8	53	6	1	
	8	Th	8	54	6	2	
	9	F	8	54	6	3	
	10	S	8	55	6	4	
	11	S	8	55	6	5	
	12	M	8	56	6	6	
	13	T	8	56	6	7	
	14	W	8	57	6	8	
	15	Th	8	57	6	9	
	16	F	8	58	6	10	
	17	S	8	58	6	11	
	18	S	8	59	6	12	
	19	M	8	59	6	13	
	20	T	9	0	6	14	
	21	W	9	0	6	15	
	22	Th	9	1	6	16	
	23	F	9	1	6	17	
	24	S	9	2	6	18	
	25	S	9	2	6	19	
	26	M	9	3	6	20	
	27	T	9	3	6	21	
	28	W	9	4	6	22	
	29	Th	9	4	6	23	
	30	F	9	5	6	24	
	31	S	9	5	6	25	
SEPTEMBER, 9th Month.	1	S	9	6	6	26	
	2	M	9	6	6	27	
	3	T	9	7	6	28	
	4	W	9	7	6	29	
	5	Th	9	8	6	30	
	6	F	9	8	7	1	
	7	S	9	9	7	2	
	8	S	9	9	7	3	
	9	M	9	10	7	4	
	10	T	9	10	7	5	
	11	W	9	11	7	6	
	12	Th	9	11	7	7	
	13	F	9	12	7	8	
	14	S	9	12	7	9	
	15	S	9	13	7	10	
	16	M	9	13	7	11	
	17	T	9	14	7	12	
	18	W	9	14	7	13	
	19	Th	9	15	7	14	
	20	F	9	15	7	15	
	21	S	9	16	7	16	
	22	S	9	16	7	17	
	23	M	9	17	7	18	
	24	T	9	17	7	19	
	25	W	9	18	7	20	
	26	Th	9	18	7	21	
	27	F	9	19	7	22	
	28	S	9	19	7	23	
	29	S	9	20	7	24	
	30	M	9	20	7	25	
OCTOBER, 10th Month.	1	T	9	21	7	26	
	2	W	9	21	7	27	
	3	Th	9	22	7	28	
	4	F	9	22	7	29	
	5	S	9	23	7	30	
	6	S	9	23	7	31	
	7	M	9	24	8	1	
	8	T	9	24	8	2	
	9	W	9	25	8	3	
	10	Th	9	25	8	4	
	11	F	9	26	8	5	
	12	S	9	26	8	6	
	13	S	9	27	8	7	
	14	M	9	27	8	8	
	15	T	9	28	8	9	
	16	W	9	28	8	10	
	17	Th	9	29	8	11	
	18	F	9	29	8	12	
	19	S	9	30	8	13	
	20	S	9	30	8	14	
	21	M	9	31	8	15	
	22	T	9	31	8	16	
	23	W	9	32	8	17	
	24	Th	9	32	8	18	
	25	F	9	33	8	19	
	26	S	9	33	8	20	
	27	S	9	34	8	21	
	28	M	9	34	8	22	
	29	T	9	35	8	23	
	30	W	9	35	8	24	
	31	Th	9	36	8	25	
NOVEMBER, 11th Month.	1	F	9	36	8	26	
	2	S	9	37	8	27	
	3	S	9	37	8	28	
	4	M	9	38	8	29	
	5	T	9	38	8	30	
	6	W	9	39	8	31	
	7	Th	9	39	9	1	
	8	F	9	40	9	2	
	9	S	9	40	9	3	
	10	S	9	41	9	4	
	11	M	9	41	9	5	
	12	T	9	42	9	6	
	13	W	9	42	9	7	
	14	Th	9	43	9	8	
	15	F	9	43	9	9	
	16	S	9	44	9	10	
	17	S	9	44	9	11	
	18	M	9	45	9	12	
	19	T	9	45	9	13	
	20	W	9	46	9	14	
	21	Th	9	46	9	15	
	22	F	9	47	9	16	
	23	S	9	47	9	17	
	24	S	9	48	9	18	
	25	M	9	48	9	19	
	26	T	9	49	9	20	
	27	W	9	49	9	21	
	28	Th	9	50	9	22	
	29	F	9	50	9	23	
	30	S	9	51	9	24	
DECEMBER, 12th Month.	1	S	9	51	9	25	
	2	M	9	52	9	26	
	3	T	9	52	9	27	
	4	W	9	53	9	28	
	5	Th	9	53	9	29	
	6	F	9	54	9	30	
	7	S	9	54	9	31	
	8	S	9	55	10	1	
	9	M	9	55	10	2	
	10	T	9	56	10	3	
	11	W	9	56	10	4	
	12	Th	9	57	10	5	
	13	F	9	57	10	6	
	14	S	9	58	10	7	
	15	S	9	58	10	8	
	16	M	9	59	10	9	
	17	T	9	59	10	10	
	18	W	10	0	10	11	
	19	Th	10	0	10	12	
	20	F	10	1	10	13	
	21	S	10	1	10	14	
	22	S	10	2	10	15	
	23	M	10	2	10	16	
	24	T	10	3	10	17	
	25	W	10	3	10	18	
	26	Th	10	4	10	19	
	27	F	10	4	10	20	
	28	S	10	5	10	21	
	29	S	10	5	10	22	
	30	M	10	6	10	23	
	31	T	10	6	10	24	

The Duration of Letter in the year 1851 is 27.

The Golden Number, or number of the year in the lunar cycle, used to find the Paschal Epact of the Moon, is 18.

The Dominical Letter for the year 1851 is C.

The Epact, or number of days between the first day of the year and the first new moon of the year, is 11.

The Roman Indiction, or number of the year in a cycle of fifteen, used in the Papal Bulls, is 3.

The Julian Period, or number of years since the beginning of the Julian Period, is 6564.

The Solar Cycle, or number of years in which the days of the month and days of the week return again to the same order, is 23.

The Prime, or number of the year in the lunar cycle, is 16.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 23rd, the Senate was organized in his seat. Mr. Clay presented petitions praying for the modification of the tariff, and for the protection and encouragement of which the petitioners complained, and said that, as matters now stood, there was a very many disturbed notions of public affairs, which cause the impression that the present session of Congress should take up the Tariff, and consider it as a whole, through a national spirit. He did not wish that it should be taken up from a sectional point of view, but from a national standpoint. He presented the petitions, and hoped that something should be done. It was no longer doubted that there is to be a revolution in the party now existing, and the operations of the Government will soon cease. He hoped that something would

Selected Poetry.

LAY OF THE WOUNDED HEART.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Oh, chide me not for sympathy—
It flows out of the same fount
Through the long years slumbering
Beneath the willow-tree.
That name, so lightly spoken,
Falls cold as sleet and rain;
Dews seal the death lash broken
Of a spell-cast heart in vain.

Can the cold grave o'er sweeten
The heart's first, warmest flame?
That heart entire, when the excitement
And still hour on the same?
They say she very pretty,
As flowers in autumn die—
We see the form I cherished
Dwells where her ashes lie.

Now all when tears are flowing,
As fresh and as forgiving now
And life's chill wealth not blowing
Formerly upon my brow.
That kneel to me, who before me
Flew to her native air,
Is fanning coldly o'er me
As in bright years gone by.

How thin the curtain hiding
The spirit-world from me
How oft, like shad-ow-gli-ding,
That outraised form I see!
My God, I thank Thee ever
That friends so kind and true
Not on the grave can sever
A spell-cast heart to woo.

Now comes the stern and sneer!
Welcome, my spirit-bride
Methinks she should be dearer
Than e'er before she died.
What though she has loud dreamed
Long seem the while to me,
Yet chide me not for weeping—
She's still the same to me.

Selected Sketch.

ANECDOTES OF BISHOP BASCOM.

The following interesting anecdotes of the late Rev. Dr. Bascom, the celebrated Methodist divine, we find in the Louisville Courier-Journal, a partisan of the Ladies' Repository.

HE ESCAPES FROM A PANTHER.

For several years Dr. Bascom's labors were consigned to the wild and unsettled frontiers of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio. The hardships and privations to which he was subjected on those circuits would have crushed the spirits of any ordinary man. He frequently had to travel forty miles a day through solitary forests, and after the labors of a circuit, a journey of one section at night. The roads at that time were scarcely broken, and there were no bridges over the streams, which, in the winter, were often swollen by rains, beyond their banks. But this was but a slight obstacle to the noble pioneer of the cross. He would force his horse daringly forward, and swim across the foaming billows. To a soul like his, a wet suit and a few hours of chilliness were trifles not to be avoided. On one occasion, while swimming a small stream in Kentucky, which had been swollen to an unusual height by recent rains, the current was so rapid that he was forced some two hundred yards below the ford. The drift was whirling furiously around him, and, either side, the banks were too steep to ascend. He saw his danger, but, with that calmness which he clung firmly to his faithful horse, and the noble animal, taking a downward course, finally emerged safely from the stream. What a contrast does this present to the smooth and luxurious life of most clergymen of the present day!

The country through which Dr. Bascom's duty led him, was wild and very thinly settled. The forests were filled with ferocious wild beasts. He was once followed several miles by a large panther, which threatened at every step to spring upon him, and from which he was rescued by reaching, just at nightfall, the cabin of a settler. At another time he had gone some distance from the house of a friend, where he was stopping into the forest, where he was lying quietly, pursuing a book, and unconscious of all danger, under the broad spreading branches of a tree, when he heard of a sudden a rustling in the leaves behind him, and looked around to see the cause. Quickly glancing his eye in the direction whence the noise proceeded, he saw his friend, with gun rifle elevated, and pointing towards the branches of the tree under which he was lying. Perfectly familiar with backwoods life, Dr. Bascom knew that some horrible danger was hovering over him, and without the perceptible motion of his body, he instantly turned his gaze upward, when he saw on a limb of the tree, not more than twenty feet above him, a majestic panther, whirling his tail, and just ready to leap upon him. There was a terrific moment, for the hunter required to reach his self-possession, and then save his life by the least motion on the part of Mr. Bascom, would have hastened the spring of the panther, and sealed his doom forever. But the fearful moment, when death seemed inevitable, with a self-controlled and a courage truly wonderful, he did perfectly quiet, till his keen crack of the rifle was heard, and the formidable beast, pierced by the unerring aim of the backwoodsman, fell lifeless by his side.

ANOTHER RENCONTRE.

While on the Circuit of Western Virginia, I think it was, Bascom stopped, at noon, at a log cabin, recently erected by the roadside. He sat down, by invitation, to dine with the family. A lovely little child, about three years old, which had attracted his attention by the sweet smiles and rare beauty, was playing in front of the door while the family were engaged around the table. Suddenly an unearthly, heart-piercing cry was heard from without.

"My child! my child!" screamed the mother. And, as quick as thought, all rushed to the door.

Father of mercies! what a sight was here presented to the gaze of a fainting mother! A ferocious panther had sprung upon our unwary darling, and was ascending a tree, bearing the child in its mouth.

The gun! quick! for God's sake, the gun!" frantically exclaimed the father.

Dr. Bascom rushed into the cabin, and seizing the gun from the rack, eagerly returned; but, alas! it was too late. He was only in time to see the innocent, lovely babe torn to pieces, in the presence of its frantic parents, by voracious and beast. Completely unnerved by the appalling sight, it required several strong efforts for Bascom even enabled to bring down the blood-thirsty animal.

I can never forget that awful scene," said Dr. Bascom, when relating this incident to the writer, some years since. And well might he say so, for a more deeply-affecting, and heart-rending scene has seldom been recorded in the history of domestic sorrow.

HIS COAT.

In the composition of Dr. Bascom, there was no cant, or ridiculous pretence. He could never be induced to wear the peculiar dress adopted by clergymen of his Church. He believed that true humility is a principle of the soul, and does not consist called in externalities of habits or the cut of the coat. He always dressed with neatness and taste. There is much amusement in the "elder brethren," that he was called to a formal account by a number of senior clergymen. After hearing respectfully the charges urged against the fashionable cut of his garb, Dr. Bascom deliberately and coolly pulled off his coat, and hanging it on a chair, desired to know whether it was himself or the coat that preached? His comments on the absurdity of the argument, and told how to dress as to please.

ESCAPES FROM A MOB IN NEW ORLEANS.

About the year 1836, was thought advisable, by the leading men in the Colonization cause, then in its infancy, to send a missionary to the South, and the perilous and arduous office was tendered to Dr. Bascom, by the Board at Washington, which he accordingly accepted. A more dangerous position could not have been assigned to him at that time. The movements of the Colonization Society were then regarded with extreme jealousy and distrust by the entire South. The Society was believed to be hostile to the peculiar institution," and its efforts met with the same violent opposition, denunciation, and threatenings, in the South, that afterward attended the efforts of the Abolitionists. Indeed, Colonization was, at that time, very little understood, and was looked on by conservatives with Abolition. The people of the South were, consequently, most bitterly opposed to it, and in a state of violent excitement at the time Dr. Bascom accepted his mission.

His instructions were, to proceed to New Orleans, and, after conferring privately with a few persons who were known to be favorable to the movement, not to be thought more prudent. On arriving there, and consulting with his friends, he found that it would be a most hazardous undertaking to attempt to hold a public meeting, and acting under the advice of those with whom he consulted, he determined to leave the city without publicly announcing the object of his visit. He had, however, spoken in several places in Kentucky before going to New Orleans, and his position being known, his arrival had, therefore, created considerable excitement. This so rapidly increased, that a meeting was held by a number of citizens, at which several inflammatory speeches were delivered, and a resolution passed requiring him to leave the city. A committee of furious and excited individuals was appointed to wait upon him, and inform him of the resolution. Dr. Bascom was informed of the consequences. At this time the Hon. Mr. Downer, of St. Francisville, afterward a member of Congress from Louisiana, was a bold, gallant, and popular man, and on a visit to New Orleans. He was a man of real mettle, and no coward, and, consequently, when he was, that he did not join one side or the other, and generally he was he liked to the weaker side. True to his nature, when the excitement arose against Mr. Bascom, Downer, although he was, personally, a total stranger to him, assumed a bold stand in his defence, and immediately set about raising a force for protection. How he succeeded will shall presently see.

The Committee called on Dr. Bascom, informed him of the excited state of the public feeling, and ordered him to leave the city in twenty-four hours, or take the consequences, which, they asserted, would be most serious. "Gentlemen," said he, in reply, "I had intended to leave your enormous morning; but now, since you have ordered me to leave, I shall remain three days longer. I am an American citizen, and I will not be gagged contrary to me by the Constitution of my country. I have business here, and I shall transact it, and